

EUROPEAN INTELLIGENCE

(FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.)

London, August 1st, 1863.

The fifth session of the present Parliament was brought to a close yesterday. The usual Royal Speech was read in the usual hum-drone tone by the Lord Chancellor, and hon. members, like schoolboys on breaking up day, dispersed with all haste for their holidays. The Speech commences with an allusion to the present lamentable state of Poland, and the measures which have been adopted by her Majesty's Government, and is followed by a terse reference to the war in America, in which her Majesty has "seen no reason to depart from strict neutrality." The selection of the Greek King receives a passing notice; and in reference to the proposed cession of the Ionian Islands her Majesty promises that the wishes of the Ionians shall be duly ascertained, before any decision is come to. The outrages in Japan will, it is hoped, be compensated without the adoption of coercive measures. The foreign summary is wound up by an allusion to the diplomatic rupture with Brazil, and her Majesty has no wish that the present estrangement shall continue. Her Majesty's thanks are tendered for the liberal supplies granted during the session. The outbreak in New Zealand is briefly referred to; and then follows a recapitulation of the principal features of home politics, a department in which the session has been more than usually barren. Her Majesty finds with gratification that, notwithstanding many adverse circumstances, England enjoys undiminished prosperity; and points with pleasure to the future which appears in store for India. It has struck many people as somewhat singular that the *Times*, on Monday last, in a paragraph headed the "Close of the Session," should, in its list of Ministers at the White-bait dinner, have omitted the name of Earl Russell; still more strange is it that there is not a word said about his absence, although that of Sir George Grey, the Duke of Newcastle, and Earl de Grey is individually and specially accounted for. Some people suppose something like a split in the Cabinet, particularly as there has long existed a difference between the Earl and his colleagues upon the Polish and American matters; and, at last, it has become so strong that we should not be at all surprised to hear of his resigning office. In the political world the elevation of Mr. Monckton Milnes to the peerage as Baron Houghton is the newest matter for conversation. As a man of highly cultivated mind, high character, and great energy, he is the natural candidate. Great preparations were made by the good people of Halifax (Yorkshire), for the reception of the Prince and Princess of Wales, who had arranged to visit the town, en route for Scotland, and open the new Town Hall. They were doomed to a grievous disappointment, for the Princess was prevented by an indisposition from accompanying the Prince. It has been impossible to escape noticing that the Princess has lately shewn less of that spirit and archness which have so endeared her to us. Her pleasant smiling face has frequently been overcast by a feeling of weariness and even anxiety, a fact that is not surprising when we consider the round of excitement Her Royal Highness has been compelled to go through. By the way, the Princess speaks English tolerably well, but with an accent that tells of her foreign origin. The language in which the royal couple converse at home is German; which they both speak fluently. The Prince, we are told, is now studying Danish, in order to please his charming wife. The Queen starts for Germany on the 12th instant, will reach Coburg on the 14th, and proceed at once to the Chateau of Rosenau, where her Majesty will reside in complete privacy for some time. The statement of the capture of that infamous wretch, Nana Sahib, has been received in some quarters doubtfully: the doubters say, that it is just possible that somebody else may have been mistaken for him, as was the case with the wrong man who was hanged instead of Tantis Tope. We hope the news is true, for who has forgotten the gloomy days of the Great Mutiny of 1857, when for long months tales of the massacre of helpless women and children, and unarmed men, gave the Indian journals a hideous fascination. Who is there that did not dwell on the story of that slender garrison at Cawnpore, tricked by the Nana into surrender, and then remorselessly butchered? Who does not know that the foremost amongst the fiends in human shape in those dark days was Nana Sahib? Or who can forget the fact that many of his victims were people with whom he had been on terms of familiar intercourse? How he repaid their confidence, the well of Cawnpore filled with victims, the dead heaped upon the dying, will testify to all time. The Nana was captured in the Temple of Ajmeer, in the disguise of a Brahmin, and with papers showing that he is connected with an ex-

man of highly cultivated mind, high character, and long service in the House of Commons, the new peer will do no discredit to the ermine-bordered robe.—There is a vacancy in the Montgomery district of boroughs, by the death of Captain Willes Johnson, M.P.—Close upon the end of the session come announcements of deaths, some of which are not without significance in political circles: the Marquis of Normanby, once a diplomatist, but latterly a tiresome assailant of his former colleagues the Whigs, the Earl of Mornington, General Lord Downes, Sir Creswell Creswell, the eminent Judge. The Marquis of Normanby died in the sixty-seventh year of his age. In early life he was a Whig and something more. In his dotage he rendered himself notorious by his constant advocacy of the cause of the deposed King of Naples, of whom he was the prompt defender, as well as of the atrocities committed under the rule of the Bourbons. As a politician the Marquis dies regretted by neither party, but in private life he had many friends, as an agreeable, cheerful, chatty companion. The death of Lord Downes causes a vacancy in the colonelcy of the 29th Foot. The harvest has already begun in various parts of the United Kingdom, and we are glad to hear general expression of satisfaction and thankfulness respecting it. The opportune fall of rain that we had after hay-harvest started the turnips vigorously, and they have since made rapid growth. The rain, too, was very useful to wheat, which gives promise not only of an abundant yield but of the prime quality. The Queen, with that fine womanly

primal quality. The Queen, with that fine womanly feeling which, please God, even Royal etiquette cannot suppress, and which pre-eminently distinguishes her Majesty, has, through her private secretary Sir Charles Phipps, addressed a letter to the Mayor of Birmingham expressive of the pain she experienced on reading the account of the fatal accident to the female Blondin at Aston Park, and severely deprecating all such exhibitions. The Mayor in reply, which is an echo of the sentiments of her Majesty, also hopes that these degrading sights will be prohibited by Act of Parliament—a consummation devoutly to be wished. There was some little surprise—but it was agreeable surprise—felt on the publication of the letters. In a strictly constitutional point of view, it is said to be an unauthorised act; but every one is glad that, in a matter in which legislation is avowedly powerless, the Sovereign should have appeared publicly in the character of guardian of the people; and it is confidently believed that this exhibition of most admirable feeling on the part of her Majesty will have a great effect in putting an end to this melancholy and demoralising sort of entertainment. Heaven save the mark.—The Polish question still remains the Gordian knot of European politics, and no expedient has yet been suggested which is likely to lead to its settlement. The Russian replies to the notes of the three Powers still excite much adverse criticism, and the probability of war is openly discussed in France. The French, however, do not appear inclined to enter upon war unaided by England, and England will be long before she initiates such a contest. Much as we may sympathise with Poland, the difficulties in the way of armed interference must be steadfastly examined and its dangers realised before England interferes otherwise than diplomatically. In the words of Mr. Horaceman himself “if the conflagration of such a war be lighted up, who shall answer the question asked by Baron Brunnow—in what form will the map of Europe reappear?” In the meantime the Poles are striving manfully to carve out their own future an independent one. On the 24th July a sanguinary contest took place in the Palatinate of Lublin, in which the Russians were routed with a loss of 700 men killed.

In March, last year, Mr. Seward addressed a despatch to the various American legations abroad, in which he stated that “the emancipation of the American continent from the control of Europe has been a principal characteristic of the past half century.” These words had especial reference to the events then pending in Mexico. The presence of the allied forces in America would seem to have caused the Federal Government to suspect that it was not simply to redress their grievances that the Cabinet of England, France, and Spain had in view in sending their joint expedition across the Atlantic. From “frank explanations,” however, given by the allies, President Lincoln was charitable enough to allow his belief that it was no part of their plan to make any change in the form of government then existing in Mexico. But, notwithstanding these professions of confidence, the Federal Government appears to have had a suspicion that the game was not being played above-board. Else, why all these broad hints and warnings. Mr. Seward was evidently apprehensive that there was danger of foreign interference with the then existing government of Mexico, and he, therefore, utters a warning of what would be the probable consequences of the act. A new government in Mexico, sustained by foreign alliances, would, in Mr. Seward’s opinion, “be practically the beginning of a permanent policy and armed intervention by monarchical Europe, at once injurious and inimical to the system of government generally adopted by the American continent.” The Federal Government having thus propounded its views with regard to eventualities that might arise, it now remains to be seen what course it will adopt with reference to those eventualities now that they have arisen. Mexico has been proclaimed an empire, an Austrian Archduke has been invited to become its first ruler, a French army occupies its capital, and a French fleet its waters. Hence a state of things now exists “at once injurious and inimical” to the system of government generally adopted in America. It was the expressed intention of Mr. Seward to maintain in Mexico the republican form of government, and he summoned up all sorts of “bogies” to frighten away those who harboured designs of a different character. But Napoleon was not to be scared so easily. He had an idea concerning the “Mexican Empire” which was far from being

Saturday, 8th August.

It has been remarked of the Royal speech proroguing Parliament, that there was an ominous omission in it of the well-used phrase, "I am happy to announce that I continue on the most peaceful relations with foreign Powers." Our slight tiff with Japan would scarcely be worth the consideration of the framers of the Royal Speech; neither would the mauldering of the Yankee Press, but the fresh disturbances in New Zealand could not be overlooked, and the increasing seriousness of the Polish question is occasioning considerable anxiety both in and beyond political circles. When applied to conjointly by England, France, and Austria, the Russian Emperor, through his Minister, Prince Gortachakoff, replies in a letter in which, however able in its sarcasms, rejoinder, appears specially calculated to provoke every one of the great Powers. In effect Prince Gortachakoff says to the French Emperor, "Look at home, you have quite enough revolutions of your own to attend to without fomenting one in Poland." Over Earl Russell, the Russian essay a miserable triumph of words—"You have given us England's opinion upon the question, therefore a Conference is a superfluity." Lastly, dealing with Austria, a dexterous advantage is sought by inviting her to join Prussia and Russia in considering the question. In denying the right of England and France to interfere in the affairs of a people and country over which they never held rule, the Russian Minister forgets that Poland came to Russia not by inheritance, but by the vote of the great powers in the Treaty of 1815. It is to be regretted that these warlike shadows overcast as bright an autumn prospect as probably was ever presented to an Englishman's view.—A session of Parliament has just ended without a tinge of asperity. Party spirit has been bottled off for use in the summer month of next year. Looking at the material position of the country, we have the highest cause for satisfaction. The national wealth increases even faster than the multiplication of joint stock and limited liability schemes for keeping it under. In the harvest field we see the cultivator of the soil now garnering one of the most abundant and finest harvests that ever rewarded his efforts, and this is not the case alone in England. In France, too, the reaper is busy in gathering in crops of wheat, barley, and oats, as heavy Mexico, and he was not to be driven from his purpose by the diplomatic effusions of Mr. Seward. His troops having forced their way to the Mexican capital, where they were welcomed by the people as their deliverers, it was not to be expected that they would pay much heed to the threats from the north of the Potomac. If Napoleon has resolved to establish a Mexican Empire, if the Archduke Maximilian accepts the proffered crown, and if the Mexicans themselves consent to the arrangement, it matters not in the least what views may be entertained at Washington on the subject. The Imperial plans are rapidly developing themselves. We already see looming in the distance a Mexican Empire, to be governed by the laws, and defended by the troops, of France. If this be so, there is an end to the Monroe doctrine. There will be no more filibustering and annexation wherewith to gratify the Northern desire for territorial aggrandisement. One of the results of this alliance may be that France will aid the South to achieve its independence. It will be time enough for us to know Napoleon's secrets when they are revealed to us. It is not unlikely that the Mexican Empire may ultimately become allied to the Southern Confederacy, but it is rather too early to speculate upon the effects which such an alliance would produce. The present condition of Mexico is more hopeful than it has been for the last forty years, and if Napoleon succeeds in establishing in that country a strong, enlightened, and liberal government, he and France will inherit all the glory attached to the enterprise.—The Queen took her departure for Germany on Tuesday afternoon, embarking at Woolwich arsenal with so much privacy that the *employés* were threatened with dismissal if they were caught trying to get a glimpse of her Majesty. The Queen appeared in excellent health. We now learn from a semi-official announcement in the *Morning Post* that this procedure "gave great offence to her Majesty." Further, we are told on the same authority, "that the Queen had simply desired that all ceremony might be dispensed with on the occasion, and that there might be no assemblage of persons admitted to view the proceedings; and it naturally caused her very great annoyance to find that it caused so harsh and so foreign to her nature as could possibly be presumed to have emanated from herself." The Prince and Princess of Wales have arrived in the Highlands, where they will probably stop until part-

gathering a crop of wheat, barley, and oats, nearly as those of our own country. A good deal of the harvest is already secured in France. In the South it has been stacked a fortnight since, but in the North it is not much more advanced than it is in Surrey, and in some parts of Hants and Wilts, where, both as regards quantity and quality, the crops appear to be unripened.—The vacant seat for Pontefract has been filled up by a Conservative. Sir Edmund Head came forward as the Liberal candidate, being opposed by Major Waterhouse on the opposite interest; but, after a short canvas, retired, alleging as his reason, the divided state of the Liberal party. The result was the return of Major Whitehouse unopposed, which is equivalent to a gain of two votes to the Opposition on a division. The only other vacant seat at present is that for the Montgomeryshire boroughs. The Liberal candidate is the Hon. Hanbury Tracy, son of Lord Sudsley, an advanced Liberal, already well known to the electors, having stood as a candidate at the last election, when he was unsuccessful. He is to be opposed by Mr. C. V. Pugh, who is supported by the Herbert and Wynn families, and the contest is ex- highlands, where they will probably stop until part-
dige shooting take the Prince to his Norfolk seat. Some surprise has been expressed at the retirement or recall (which it is not known) of Sir James Hudson from the post of Minister at Turin. Sir James is one of our ablest diplomats, and particularly valuable at the Italian Court, having resided there for the last thirteen years, and watched English interests during the critical period of the transformation of the Sardinian monarchy into a great Italian kingdom. He is to be succeeded by an Elliott, of course. This Elliott—the Hon. Henry—was minister at Naples until the expulsion of the Bourbons, and has since been our representative at Athens. Last night's *Gazette* contains the nomination of Sir James Hudson to be a Knight Grand Cross of the Bath. We suppose this is intended as a solace to his wounded feelings, in being dismissed so unceremoniously from his post at Turin to make way for Mr. Elliott. The *Globe* of last night indeed affirms that the supersession is made at Sir James Hudson's own request. Another appointment has occasioned a little comment—that of Baron Wilde to the judgeship of the Probate and

Divorce Court. The *Times* intimates that the learned Baron will be a poor successor to Sir Crosswall Creswell, particularly as he is physically unequal to the quantity of work done in that Court and it suggests that the probate and matrimonial causes should be allotted to separate courts, which would involve the appointment of a new judge. It is not yet known who will take Mr. Baron Wilde's place on the Exchequer Bench, but it is supposed that the Attorney-General will refuse, hoping for higher honours, though his reputation is by no means equal to his present position.—We regret to announce the death of the veteran Lord Clyde. He began his military career with the Walcheren expedition, served through the Peninsular war, where his name became a synonyme for all that is brilliant and daring, was the hero of the Crimea war, and closed his distinguished career with the suppression of the Indian mutiny. For this service he was raised to the peerage, and the popular name of Sir Colin Campbell was merged in that of Lord Clyde. His lordship was in his seventy-second year, and was never married. His will expires with him.—Death has struck down another eminent lawyer. Sir F. Slade follows his old brother-messmate, Creswell, to the tomb. His death is unevented with a threefold interest: by its suddenness; its occurrence whilst the Judges were on circuit in his own county; and by its happening almost within view of the general election which was to have brought him forward as a candidate for East Somerset.—The Federals seem to manage recruiting in this country much better than the Poles. While the Russian Government have pounced almost instantaneously upon the unlucky "Lieutenant A. Styles," the Federal agents continue to export large numbers of recruits both from Ireland and Scotland. The other day no fewer than forty young strong Irishmen, either belonging to the militia or the coastguard, took their departure in a body for the States. In Scotland, attempts are also being made to get men to emigrate, and in some of the town bills are posted, announcing that 500 labourers are wanted "for the Columbia and Great Western Railway, in the State of Ohio," offering each man six shillings per day, and expenses to the work from New York, and guaranteeing exemption from the draft. The Scotchman, however tempting as these terms are, seem to be "too far north to nibble at the bait."

From all quarters come the strains of the pleasant harvest song. No one utters a discordant note, but all pronounce the harvest one of the finest ever gathered in. There is no difficulty in finding wheat weighing 66 lbs., and oats 44 lbs. to the bushel. With this there is the additional reason for thankfulness that the potato crop appears to have passed danger point, and that the green and root crops have had weather specially suited to them. The much needed rain has come for the swedes and pastures, and at the same time there is every prospect of a successful gathering of the whole harvest. The Congress at Frankfort naturally excites much curiosity. The impression here is that the Emperor of Austria is in earnest, and will be supported by the German people. The Kings of Prussia, Holland, and Denmark hold aloof, and King William has a second time declined to attend the Congress, though the King of Saxony was specially sent to invite him. One can hardly rely on the published statements with regard to the details of the project of reform proposed by the Emperor Francis Joseph, but there is little doubt that the general idea is, the formation of a sort of representative Assembly of two Houses, with an Executive composed of Austria, Prussia, Bavaria, and two elective members.—Austria to hold the Presidency of this Directory. Prussia objects on two grounds to this arrangement—first, that Austria should preside, and secondly, that Bavaria should hold the same position herself. Whether Francis Joseph will ever become Emperor of Germany or not—if he aspires, as some suppose, to the ancient imperial crown—it appears certain

ain that his brother, the Archduke Maximilian, will be Emperor of Mexico—by grace of Napoleon III. and Marshal Forey. As it was the Emperor of the French who once and publicly that there was no such thing as disinterestedness in politics, His Majesty cannot be surprised that some suspicion should be entertained in Europe as to his motives for thus bestowing a crown, and, above all, on an Austrian prince. Does it seal some mysterious bargain between France and Austria? The gaudances for once are puzzled even to make out a plausible scheme, for it is not easy to guess the *quid pro quo* the Emperor Napoleon is to have, and it is even less easy to believe that he has not stipulated for some equivalent. One advantage he gains is this—he places the responsibility of his new conquest on other shoulders, whilst he can still reap all the substantial benefit of it. Mexico, under a nominally independent ruler, supported by French bayonets, would be a great thorn in the side of the Washington Government. The Polish question has grown very flat. The Russian answer to the three notes is not expected in a hurry. Should France enter upon a war single-handed—which, however, is not likely—she will have a hard task to get through, Russia having made most substantial preparations. By sinking ships in the approaches to Cronstadt, it is said that the Muscovite Government has expended upwards of a million sterling! The *Times* gives much prominence to a communication pointing out the gross violation of the convention entered into by Russia in regard to her naval force in the Black Sea. By that convention Russia bound herself to keep in the Black Sea no more than six steam vessels and four sailing vessels of light dimensions. It is now shown that the Czar has no less than forty-two vessels, including transports, in the Bosphorus, mounting 144 guns, and manned by nearly 4000 men. In addition, thirty-two gun-boats are being prepared; and it is consequently contended that these facts afford ample grounds for drawing the attention of the English public to the formidable armaments of Russia in that sea, where it was the principal aim of the Treaty of Paris to confine her within the narrowest limits.—Jules Gérard, the celebrated lion-slayer, writes to the Duke of Wellington from Kara, in Dahomey, where the bloody king of that fierce people is reigning. He saw, he says, twelve corpses horribly mutilated, and frightful evidences of torture recently inflicted. At the entrance of the palace was a pool of blood two yards wide, and two immense chapitols formed of human heads. We trust that M. Gérard has been drawing the long bow.

Blonchin has had a very narrow escape in Seville. It seems that while he was performing on the tight-ropes

seems that while he was performing on the tight-rope he had on a head-dress, to which was attached a piece of fire-work in the shape of a wheel. When it was lighted it assumed so violent a rotary motion that Blondin was unable to resist the movement, and, fearing a danger let go the wheel-barrow he was driving before him, as well as his balancing-pole, and endeavoured to undo the strings which attached the burning head-dress to his neck. He dropped from the rope, keeping himself suspended from it by one leg, whilst he divested himself of the apparatus, the fire works still exploding. At length he succeeded, and came down in safety. No doubt he evinced great presence of mind, and so far perhaps bore out his own estimate of himself; but it is easy to conceive how slight a thing might have sufficed to have brought him down to the ground from such a situation. These exhibitions must come to an end, and should anything happen to Blondin, it would finally do away with them.—Lord Clyde's remains are to be buried privately in Westminster Abbey to-day. It was the wish of the Queen that the funeral should be a public one, but the directions left by the deceased soldier presented insuperable obstacles to any public manifestation.—The death of Vice-Admiral Vernon Harcourt, a son of the late Archbishop of York, is announced.—The election for the Montgomery Boroughs took place Tuesday. The candidates were the Hon. Captain Tracey, in the Liberal interest, and Mr. Pugh in that of the Conservatives. The result of the polling was as follows:—Tracey, 439; Pugh, 330; majority, 109.—A newspaper correspondent, on the authority of letters from Poona, states that Colonel Crawley, only too well known for his share in the treatment of sergeant-major Lillies, has been relieved in the command of the 6th Inniskilling Dragoons, and succeeded by Colonel Prior. It is understood in India that Colonel Crawley is virtually under arrest, and it is surmised, with much probability, that he will be sent over to this country for trial by court-martial.

THE FLORIDA IN THE CHANNEL.—Intelligence has been received from Queenstown, to the effect that the Confederate steamer Florida, Captain Moffit, had called off that port at two o'clock yesterday on the 17th of August, and landed three passengers and some "luggage," which is supposed to be the silver bars taken from the B. J. Hoxie, recently captured by the Florida. The ship Broome also reported having seen the Florida lying-to in the Channel.

THE OTTAWA CANAL.—In acknowledging the receipt of a memorial which was forwarded a short time ago to the Duke of Newcastle, in favour of a ship canal from Lake Huron to the Ottawa, the Colonial Secretary says "that her Majesty's Government would see with much satisfaction the completion of such a great and important undertaking as is described in this memorial, and that, so far as it can be legitimately given, the Imperial Government will acc rd to the project its support. No appeal, however, could be made to Parliament for pecuniary assistance."

THE CRUIKSHANK EXHIBITION.

George Cruikshank has been old George Cruikshank any time during the last thirty years to these more nursery days date so far back. Indeed, we have had his illustrations to Grimm's Fairy Stories taken of as the delight of their youth by some whose childhood was passed *regnante Georgio*, whilst the similar labour of love which he has devoted to Jack and the Bean Stalk is the thumbed and tattered darling of many who do not yet aspire to rank in Mr. Punch's rising generation. He must be old George Cruikshank, we fear, in the number of his years, as he has long been to the admiring reverence of children; yet our country has seen no better example that every youthfulness which is one of the most fluent and less doubtful signs of genius. That the name of Cruikshank deserves to be coupled with that of his master we have never been dubious to those who, looking beyond certain mannerisms and limitations in his power as an artist, can appreciate high gifts to move by tears and laughter, exhibited on however small and unpretending a scale, or who can value down-right originality, expressing itself in its own manner, irrespective of popular fashion, or who are aware what peculiar skill he has reached as an etcher. But when a great man comes before the world in a modest way in his own, working often in the by-places of art or literature, and addressing himself to illustrate children's books with the homely, healthy purpose of only making them laugh at a giant or a book frightened at a ghost, people are apt in this noisy age of sentiment and serious intention to take him at his quiet valuation, and pass by stern excellence with slight or grudging recognition, as they turn to some loud trumpet-blowing hero of the hour. Especially may this happen when a man's work has been spread over half a century, and must be sought for in a hundred stray volumes, or studied in a portfolio of a collector. And we are, therefore, glad that a large proportion of the *opus Georgii* has been put together at Exeter Hall in time to let his countrymen make themselves aware of his merits, whilst he is still alive to enjoy a reputation which some of his contemporaries have laboured more contentiously to win, or have deserved more thoroughly.

Art stands to his mind and nature, is sure to have or three modes of expressing himself, which ever, more or less, to the main divisions of life. Cruikshank's works, as exhibited at Exeter Hall in more than a thousand etchings, appear to obey this law, and may be distributed in a general way into three styles. As in the case of Beethoven or Homer, there is a kind of prelude before the young signor had fairly found his path, and whilst he was making his first steps in a lawyer's office; but the bent of his nature at last had its way, and like Horace, *sine discus anomous infans*, he entered on the field of political and social caricature, modelling himself after the fashion of Rowlandson, Gillray, and other celebrities of sixty years since. We must remember that in Cruikshank's first style, even as partially presented here, there are some proofs of how difficult it is to treat coarse manners without lapsing into coarseness; and we are astonished at the general change in our way, which the artist has lived to witness and to perpetuate. Art was in Opposition during the Regency, and the manners of the Court and of the "fashionables" and "Corinthians" of the Cavendish and Caroline period are roughly handled by

and the "Coriolanus" period are roughly finished by Cruikshank, in a rather crude and violent style of gravelling; although from the first his execution has a distinctness, a meaning, a sense in every stroke, which at once reveal the imaginative artist, and separate his work by the "line of life" from such ignoble dashing about after effect as we see in the hasty etchings by Frohlich, lately noticed in this journal.

Returning to Cruikshank, these large early coloured prints look not less foreign to us as pieces of art than representations of reality. Will any gentleman dare to assert, on his honour, that he or his heir, ever dressed, and turned out bodily, in the fashions of 1804 and 1805 (No. 20)? One can hardly help thinking that these queer disguises of the "form line" should have been catalogued under the title "Monstrosities," appropriately enough given to the fashions current from 1816 to 1826 (73 and 74). One of the best of the designs of this period is "Coriolanus and the Plebeians," to which the artist has

bus and the Plebeians," to which the artist has added a most characteristic note. In these portraits of the primitive Radicals of 1820, the element of caricature, over-predominant in Cruikshank's first style, is tempered with a fine rendering of expression in the faces, and the crowd is drawn with the artist's peculiar skill. We know very few indeed who can be set beside him in this peculiar quality. Cruikshank's crowds give one exactly the impression of reality. They show a certain monotony, on the common impulse or purpose of the mob, yet they are full of characteristic figures, no two exactly alike. There is also all the necessary sense of air, and motion, and fluctuation about them. They are penetrable crowds, especially the Irish crowds, which he delights to draw—true *mobiles*, ready to break out into fresh mischief, or disperse before the onslaught of the taxman. The twenty-spiritedly touched and delicately shaded illustrations for Maxwell's *History of the Irish Rebellion* (48 to 50) are excellent samples of our artist's skill in managing a mob, and, by the refinement of the work and the greater delicacy and humour of the ideas, point to what we may venture to call his *cond style*. Under this we class by far the larger number of the delights of our and everybody's childhood—beginning, perhaps, with the famous fairy scenes from Grimm, and thence onward, through a vast series of "wonders of the needle," to the illustrations of Scott and Shakspere, of Dickens and Ainsworth. Cruikshank has now quit politics, which, in fact, he had in the first period of his activity looked at mainly from the social point of view, without taking a distinct side. Hatred of meanness, cruelty, and injustice has been throughout the motive principle in his satire, and this has been alone sufficient to render him a poor political partisan. "The Bank-note not to be imitated" (143) is one of his latest essays in this direction. The curious paper covered with grim emblems, and signed by Jack Ketch, is a monument to that cruel phase of the law when wretches were hung in crowds for the simple passing of a forged note—an occurrence naturally frequent whilst paper of small amounts was current. Well may the honest-hearted artist take to himself some pleasure in the belief that his admirably-timed satire led to a correction of the abuse. The "Note not to be imitated" is rather curiously than a work of art. The "Knicker's Ward, or Voice of Humanity" (153), another appeal against human oppression and cruelty, is, in this respect, perhaps, the most striking illustration here of Cruikshank's tragic power, which Mr. Ruskin, in his but excellent criticism on the artist, justly places at a level with his comic genius. This little plate is scarcely below Rembrandt in force and largeness of style, and it is informed with an earnestness of purpose which the art of Rembrandt never attains. In this respect, Cruikshank has a close

ity to Bewick. As an example of his range of power, it is instructive to compare the gloom and horror of this last refuge of too many a noble animal with the humorous presentation of a somewhat similar idea in the horses out of work, stretching their lean necks to incite the train which passes their stable in the infancy of the railway system. Much as we admire that command of tragic power and that earnest simplicity of mind which, though sometimes bordering perhaps not free from exaggeration or pedimentedness, place Cruikshank decidedly among the very first illustrative designers of the time, yet we must be glad that his pencil and his etching-needle have been generally employed to rouse our laughter rather than our seriousness. Innocent birth has never had a patron more effective. The art going to the Great Exhibition—a title which at of 1851 is not likely soon to surrender—a certain series of the "Adventures of Mr. Lambkin," the

"Housemaid and her Followers," the "Female Jurying a Breach of Promise of Marriage,"—these, and a hundred other exquisite pieces of fun (whether wit or humour we leave North Britons to decide) crowd before us; and we feel that we can hardly be too grateful to the skilful hand, simple heart, and inventive intelligence which have given us so much healthy and unworldly pleasure.

There is yet another phase of *Cruikshank's* art which deserves peculiar attention. Every artist is sure to have his speciality, and, perhaps, if it were needful to select *Cruikshank's*, it would be rather his gift in rendering the fairy supernatural world than even his directly comic or tragic designing. No one is so singularly penetrated into the soul of popular superstition. *Cruikshank's* witches are, so far as we know, absolutely unrivalled. They exhibit exactly that mixture of absurdity and malice, of half wicked, half inexplicable fun—sad all with a certain strange halo of superhuman power, not quite devilish, but decidedly not quite essay—which the fairy legends of Grimm or Scott sacrifice to them. The illustrations to Grimm and to the *Demobology* are examples. In the latter, the "Witches' Voyage" is a perfect masterpiece of humour, satire, and supernaturalism. It is only through a true gift of imagination that the artist can have reached this success. We must venture to think him much superior, in this respect, to *Reusch*—even *Doré*; although we have not space

here to do more than indicate the difference between the penetrative insight of Cruikshank and the mechanical agglomerations of horror which Retsch has substituted for imaginative witchery, or the fantastic exaggerations of a few fine effects which form the staple of Doré's prints from *Sue* and *Dante*. Nor should the excellences of the landscape features and other accessories, in these and similar etchings of Cruikshank's later period, be overlooked. Many little bits of background and sky are handled with wonderful truth and spirit. There is an extraordinary unity of effect in the tone of the landscape, reached by the simplest means; whilst, in giving a picturesque air to these portions of his subjects, he may be again fairly compared to Bewick.

To this great artist—for to this title, due consideration given to all sides of his work, we think his claim fully made out—we have devoted a fuller space than we can generally spare for a single exhibitor, because his popularity does not appear to us to have been hitherto justly measured out to his deserts. We do not mean that Cruikshank has not gained a very considerable share of favour and admiration. But this he has mainly received from the young, and those whom we may, without offence, call the half-educated classes. We do not mean in any way to underrate the value of such suffrages. They are given honestly and simply "on the merits;" and they are far more valuable than the reputation due to art-puffery and partisanship. But George Cruikshank has not, we think, taken rank in ordinary parlance amongst the great artists of the day, and in this respect he deserves a different, if not a higher kind of popularity. Many causes have probably led to this. One may be that, in his earlier days, Cruikshank, as the lifelong foe to cant and quackery and injustice, was in opposition to the dominant classes. Though not politician strictly, he had more sympathy with

occurred. When violently thrown over by the away horses which broke from Lord Aveland's carriage Sir Creswell was found, on being raised from the ground, to be suffering from fracture of the knee-pan. This was not, however, a fracture from direct violence; but when examined by the surgeon summoned—Mr. James Lane, of St. Mary's Hospital—he found that from the nature of the fracture it was evidently one of those rare instances in which the knee-pan is rent by a sudden and violent action of the extensor muscle of the thigh, commonly in the effort to recover the balance of the body, and avoid falling. There was but little bruising—much less than might have been anticipated, and no other apparent injury. The fractured knee was healing favourably, and Sir Creswell bore confinement with great equanimity, and was in spirits throughout. Mr. James Lane and Mr. Charles Hawkins were in continuous attendance, and every prospect promised a speedy recovery. Properly supported, having been adjusted, Sir Creswell was assisted, with assistance, to shift himself from the bed-couch, and had done so in the course of Wednesday evening. As he was being lifted in the evening from the bed-couch to the bed, with the assistance of his butler and the Rev. Oswald Creswell, he complained of fainting, asked for wine, and almost immediately fainted. He had always considered himself a specially healthy man, and was mentioning shortly after his accident that he had never had a day's illness, and had never consulted a physician since he left school. He had lately become somewhat suddenly corpulent, but it was never suspected, by himself or any person, that the hand of disease had seized him firmly though silently.

The post mortem inspection was performed at 11 p.m. on Thursday, by Mr. Charles Hawkins, Mr. James Lane and Dr. Hober. The cause of death

not politician strictly, he had more sympathy with Cobbett than with Carlton House. Another reason may be sought in certain curious mannerisms which run through his designs, and which are probably due to some want in youthful training to art. His idea of a young lady is rarely successful, and his drawing of the face has never quite cleared itself of his first dedication to caricature. A third cause is the fugitive quality of many of the books which he illustrated—a fact to which the catalogue bears curious testimony. Cruikshank, like Flaxman, or Stothard, or Turner, seems to have worked throughout life with singular modesty, content to take whatever business offered itself, and never inquiring whether he was to illustrate a *Tom Jones* or a *Jack Sheppard*. Another reason may be that, in later life, his high tragic power has been exercised mainly against those abuses by which the poor and the helpless suffer. His sympathies are clearly those of a man of the people for the people; and this excludes a drawing-room popularity. Like Thomas Hood, whom in this respect, not less than in humour, he resembles, he has compelled an entrance; but he is not familiarised—not "court qualified," as they say at Vienna. He has not condescended merely to amuse us, or to hit us where we do not mind, like his witty contemporaries. He has told stern proofs too plainly; and he is hence not one of whom the "omnes omnia bona dicere, et laudare," &c., can be expected. Lastly, satirical and humorous designing lies still, in some degree, under that Academical censure or depreciation which led Horace Walpole to deny the name of Painter to Hogarth. Time has done justice to the artist of the *Political Register*.

James Lane, and Dr. Baber. The examination of chest showed that the heart was the subject of disease. It was loaded with fat, the walls of the particular cavities were thin and weak, and the muscular fibres pale; the valves were competent. Through the rest of the body the organs were found in a healthy condition, although in parts much loaded with fat. On examining the knee-joint some blood was found effused between the fractured surfaces of the bone; there was no inflammation, irritation, or effusion in the interior of the joint, but repair was going on satisfactorily. The cause of death was, doubtless, syncope, fatal because occurring in a weak and fatigued body.

A circumstance occurred in connexion with the accident which, although by no means exceptional, deserves to be mentioned, as illustrating the admirable spirit in which our hospitals are administered, and the business and self-devotion with which the members of the medical profession perform their duties to the patients in these establishments. Sir Creswell was overwhelmed within sight of St. George's Hospital, and a hasty message was sent there, stating that an accident had occurred to the distinguished Judge, and requesting that the house-surgeon might accompany him to his home. The house-surgeon, however, was still engaged in urgent duties of attendance upon other patients, and felt unable to leave his post. Qualified attendance was immediately at hand. Such incidents are not rare, and we cannot but think that they reflect honour on our profession and deserve to be widely known.

THE FUNERAL OF FIELD-MARSHAL
LORD CLYDE.
(From the Times, August 24th.)
Acting in well-timed harmony with the feelings of

(From the *Times*, July 31.)

THE shock to the system caused by an accident has deprived us of one of the best and perhaps altogether the most valuable of our Judges. Sir Creswell died yesterday morning. He was an old man, for he took his degree at Cambridge in 1814, he must in all probability have been in his seventieth year. Time, however, had not impaired the vigour of his intellect. He was in the full enjoyment of all his judicial powers: his memory was as good, his discrimination as prompt, his learning as ready, and his nerve as strong as in his earlier years when battling at the Bar. But for this miserable occurrence of a broken-down carriage and a frightened pair of horses he might notwithstanding that he appears to have had a latent disease lurking in his frame, have gone on for years doing good service to his country, and finding ACTING in well-timed harmony with the feelings of whole nation, her Majesty's Government, mainly presented, if not altogether animated on this occasion by Lord de Grey, have given to the mortal remains of Colin Campbell a more famous resting-place than modesty of the veteran would have selected, doubt, the Queen, of whose marks of favour a faithful soldier ever spoke with profound gratification and a sentiment akin to veneration, desired that whose career reflected lustre on her Majesty's name and whose last service in the field illustrated her fame and consolidated her empire, should lie in death the sacred dust of those whose memories England lights to honour. And so it was that on Saturday body of Field-Marshal Lord Clyde was carried Westminster Abbey to rest in peace with a ceremony to which the public sympathy and the spontaneous gathering of persons eminent for rank and service, the nobility,

years doing good service to his country, and finding his best enjoyment in the discharge of his duties.

Sir Creswell Creswell's career has been simply that of a hardworking lawyer. In later years he appeared to be one of those who seem to love work for its own sake, and such men always make their way at the English Bar. This, however, may have been an acquired habit. Being only the fourth son of a gentleman of good estate, perhaps it was in the first instance a necessity to him to apply with assiduity to his profession. It is certain that after his call¹ in 1819 the attorneys found out a capacity which the Cambridge examiners had failed to discover. That he drudged away in Westminster-hall the long series of Barnwell and Creswell's reports will testify. He joined the Northern Circuit at a time when Brougham and Scarlett governed the revels of the Grand Court, and divided the business of serious litigation. He fought his way along through the dust in which these two gladiators were always enveloped; and at last when the heroes were taken up into the *sedes discretæ piorum*, and no longer vexed the Northern Circuit, unless as judges, Creswell and Alexander succeeded to their places. The leadership of the Northern Circuit was in those days something to struggle for and something to retain. It took a strong man to hold his own there. Creswell was not a Brougham, perhaps he was not in tact and power of persuasion a Scarlett, but he was strong enough to seize upon the leadership of the Northern Circuit, and to hold it evenly against all comers. He got his silk gown in 1834, and from that year till 1842 he worked very hard, and must have made much money. Most men in such a position would have looked to the House of Commons and to the high prizes of his profession, all of which seemed to be within his reach. Creswell was elected for Liverpool in 1837, and retained his seat until he was raised to the Bench. He was not, however, a very ardent politician, nor was he particularly successful in the House of Commons. His position was made before he was a member of Parliament, and his seat for Liverpool neither advanced

eminent for rank and service, the unabated attendance of sorrowful crowds, and the affectionate presence of old comrades and fellow-soldiers high and low, gave a character which made the funeral a tribute of national respect, instead of being, as it was, somehow or other the private interment of a great man. The word "nobleman" seems out of place when applied to Lord Clyde—it denoted the soldier who, though no mere *filius gloriae*, was in the highest sense of the words *soldier of fortune*. If ever there was a man whose name and nobility by sheer hard work, it was he. Even in the parts of his life which appear inactive and obscure he was a hard worker in his profession, making himself master of the smallest detail, and striving how to perfect what to his mind was admirable beyond all comparison, but not perfect—the British infantry. It was a day-dream which he hoped some time to realize, that the foot soldiers should be taught the use of arms so thoroughly as to be able to advance it in firing as they advanced and yet unbroken in rank. He seemed to think the period nigh at hand when British soldiers, at all events, could be brought to make the fiercest cavalry charge in the same extended order. He knew every letter of the soldier's Manual, and most religiously respected it. He was a strict disciplinarian, though he was no martinet. The old days of the 98th Foot bushy whiskers apologised to their visitors for offering them only port and sherry at mess. "Colonel Campbell won't allow us to have champagne or claret. Port and sherry are the 'regulation' wines, and we must drink no other." Although a moderate man, he enjoyed the good things of this life in season, not including, however, tobacco among them, and fond of social intercourse and pleasant conversation, in which no one was more than himself, he abhorred excess, and stated that the young officers under him should not, as far as before the temptations which had, as he went to tell, destroyed so much promise and rare ability.

liament, and his seat for Liverpool neither advanced nor retarded him in his career. When Mr. Littledale was asked by the Patronage Secretary of the Treasury what his politics were, he replied that he was a special pleader. Cresswell could not have given this answer, but when he was made one of the justices of the Queen's Bench, in 1842, it was because he was a sound lawyer, and certainly not because he was a member for Liverpool. He fully answered all expectations formed of him as a lawyer. He was what is called a "strong" judge. That is to say, he was not only a learned judge, but a man who would have his own way. He had sufficient confidence in himself, a sufficient power of saying very disagreeable truths at proper times to keep every one in awe of him. It is a great temptation to have this power in that position, and perhaps Sir Cresswell Cresswell abused it as little as it is in human nature to do.

The work by which, however, Sir Cresswell Cresswell will be remembered—and the only work by which he will be remembered—is the creation of the Divorce Court. Sir Cresswell Cresswell was appointed to preside here in January, 1858. It was an experiment distrusted at the time by the public, and most dangerous to the reputation of the man who should first undertake it. Sir Cresswell Cresswell's confidence in himself allowed him to accept it, and as that self-confidence was fortunately in his case well-founded, it enabled him to carry it through. To him chiefly it is owing that the Divorce Court has been a great success. He has made a code of Divorce law by his decisions, and he has based it upon sound, broad principles. As a social lawgiver, Sir Cresswell Cresswell is as great as Lord Mansfield is as a mercantile lawgiver. He has built a bridge in chaos; and if his successor has the prudence to keep on it he may travel with an even more violent fall.

The events of his life have been lately recapitulated with necessary brevity in these columns; but it is not be out of place perhaps to record the fact, connected with the accident which cost him his life, with the medical testimony before us, there is ground to doubt that but for the injury he received on the occasion in question he might have lived for many years to come; his frame was still strong when he died, and in his head there was not a single unbroken tooth, or a gap left by the loss of one. In the afternoon of December 26, 1858, the column under command, then engaged in clearing the north of the remnants of the rebels and mutineers, came with Baines Macdoe's forces posted in a forest, as Lord Clyde was making his dispositions to offer their retreat a zealous artillery officer, who had been directed to move quietly round their left, and seeing masses of them bolting to the rear, could restrain his ardour, but unlimbered and opened Lord Clyde, galloping fast to rebuke the offender, thrown with great violence, in consequence of a charge putting his fore-foot into a burrow in sandy soil, and rolling headlong in the dust. When he tried to get up, still anxious to overtake the rest of the artillery, his face was bleeding and his right arm powerless; his shoulder blade had been broken, other injuries had been sustained in the chest; as soon as the surgeons had set the bone, and put a arm in a sling, Lord Clyde seemed as well as ever, sat by a watch fire till late at night, giving orders and directing the bivouac of the troops. On the next day found the Chief in his tent, "writing to his left hand." He said his hand was little shaken and stiff, but laughed at his own impudent gallipot and fall, saying, "It was all I didn't get at the first fall, all the better for it."

without any very violent falls.

This building up of a new system of law must have grown to be a labour of love with Sir Crosswell Crosswell. He had long since earned his pension. He was rich in private means; he was childless, and, indeed, unmarried. It could only have been an absorbing interest in his work and a desire to consolidate the practice of his Court which could have induced him to toil on in a drudgery which must have caused him frequent disgust and continual labour. It is true that he was generally appreciated by his countrymen and countrywomen, and was doubtless conscious that he was doing his work well; but in the work itself he could have taken no pleasure. He was a hard-working, conscientious, and successful public servant, and his life has been useful. How few there are who die and of whom so much as this can be truly said; and who is there among us of whom we could truly say much more?

(*From the Lancet.*)

At seven minutes to 7 on the evening of Wednesday the distinguished Judge of the Court of Probate and Divorce, Sir Crosswell Crosswell, suddenly expired. It is well known that he had recently met with a severe accident; but the injury which he then received, although it may have accelerated his decease by the severe shock which it undoubtedly inflicted on the system, does not appear to have had any direct share in the fatal result which has unexpectedly

to that mad artilleryman, "It's all the better for I didn't overtake him at the moment." He was giving orders for a continuation of the pursuit, when he was carried on a litter on the march, and died from the operations against the Fort of Mejidieh which fell on the afternoon of the same day. On 29th, as soon as the fort could be destroyed, he and his column once more after the fugitive Sepoys, the next day he conceived and carried out, contrary to advice of his Staff, the admirable forced march at night, the result of which was that he surprised rebels, nearly caught Nana Sahib and the Begum, drove them and all their followers in headlong flight across the Rapti into Nepal, never to appear again on Indian soil again. Thus he cleared Oude of the principal force of the enemy. There he remained for he obeyed his orders. But it was scarcely possible to conceive any greater energy and vigour than displayed by the old soldier, who was suffering from a broken spine, internal injury, and fractured shoulder in the marches and movements of these few days.

From that time he became subject to irritation of the lungs, to colds and bronchial affections, as he thought, to which he had been unaccustomed; and perhaps his medical attendant, if he consulted him at all, did not know the mischief which was going on inside. In the January following it was noticed that he was often ailing; for three days he shut himself up while he was waiting for Lord Canning's

THE DRAMATIC COLLEGE FETE.

patches, complaining "of a cold." In February he had fever, and was sent to trudge down to the apothecary's, to be a common soldier, for his dose of quinine. He remained to long in India after his wound was done, and on his return home he had some attacks of indisposition, which vanished at Vichy and elsewhere for the time, till the last illness which deprived the country of the pride and pleasure she felt in honouring the living soldier. He was on a visit with General Eyre, commanding at Madras, when he was often on watch to the sake of his friendly society. And he was seized with the alarming symptoms, against the fatal tendency of which his extraordinary vigour of constitution forced him to resist painfully for many long days, though they brought with them no hope of ultimate recovery. In his illness his thoughts wandered back to the scenes of his active life—his memories of old times to friends were revived, but prominent in his mind were such recollections of the great and grand conjurations which he passed up with him in the Indian may and, among them the highest was the safety of English women and children. When he was assailed by the Indian Press for idle wasting of days at Cawnpore, he was watching day and night hourly for the convoy of the helpless ones from Agra, and when, before that, he had won his way into the heart of Lucknow, he turned from the affighted enemies and much opposition as he could, to the wife, daughters, and children of British soldiers and subjects should be placed beyond the reach of cruel enemies. It was by such martial tenderness as this that won the hearts of woman, child, and man; it was by these acts he gained such regard that crowds of fair women, young and old, assembled in Westminster Abbey, and with the tears in their eyes he would have dried and checked the deep sorrow of daughters to the children's grave.

The funeral took place from the house in Berkeley-square which Lord Clyde had occupied for a short time before his death. His body had been carried there some days before from Government House at Chatham, and General Eyre had charged himself with the execution of the last and duties to his beloved friend. There was a scene of much distress, when he had to bear the scene of many a gathering of "war-worn" soldiers and of the few old world kin of war time had left. What flowers or pageantry of decoration rested on the thin covering which had the grand old human face from weeping eyes we cannot say, but on the lid, as it is called—as if in significance of the great day when all buried shall rise to judgment—lay wreaths of immortelle and forget-me-nots, which were but the poor offering of the grief of those who had come to bid wide to follow Colin Campbell to the tomb. Fitt it is that he who fancied he had outlived his friends could not have been spared to see how many honoured and loved him! In the street, from the house to the Abbey, all along the line of the unpremeditated procession, there was a dense crowd, such as one would have seen on the occasion of a State funeral of the greatest men. There were many who doubt whether they were attracted solely by curiosity, and by the desire to see a line of carriages and horses; but besides, there stood in that people's guard assembled to do honour to the soldier many an old mountaineer who saluted as the hero; but all that remained of the fiery centurion of the Peninsula and of the conqueror of India. Down Piccadilly, St. James's-street, Pall-mall, Whitehall down Parliament-street, to the entrance to the Guards' barracks, the scene through that the police force arrested the stream of public and private vehicles till the procession passed. Many shops, half-closed doors and shutters in sign of mourning, and the blinds were drawn at the Athenaeum, of which Lord Clyde was a member—not at the Horse Guards, and at various mansions along the route. The tent was posted at the public office of their own officers, and "to attend." Groups of soldiers formed at the convenient points, old and young, with many clasps, and the brown young soldier, proud of the red and white Indian ribbon. In the procession nothing was more marked than the decorous conduct of the people; but the Queen herself from afar had shown she was present in spirit with her subjects, for conspicuous amid the ranks of respect to that which was evidenced by the appearance of Mr. M. Murphy, in deep mourning.

The carriages of the Prince of Wales, of the Duke of Cambridge (both absent from London), of the Duchess of Cambridge, of the Duke of Wellington, and of some of the nobility were also sent as marks of respect, but the period of a year which brought about the absence of the Ministers and of the members of both Houses prevented a vast number of the most distinguished names in the land paying the last tribute to the memory of the Field Marshal.

In the first carriage the mourners were—Major-General Eyre, Colonel M'Murdo, Colonel Alison, and the Duke of Wellington.

Second Carriage.—The Rev. Mr. Inglis, Mr. Coningham, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Kerr, his Lordship's executors.

Third Carriage.—Earl de Grey and Ripon, General Fox, Mr. Earl of Longford, and the Marquis of Donegal.

Fourth Carriage.—Lord Gough, General Arbutnott, Sir Richard Airey, and Lord G. Paulet.

Fifth Carriage.—Lord Rokeby, Sir Alfred Horatio, Earl St. Maur, &c.

Sixth Carriage.—Colonel Shadwell, Sir E. L. Lagard, Sir R. Warpole, and Major Alison.

Seventh Carriage.—Major-General Coke, Major-Douglas, Viscount Dangan, and Major Mansfield.

Eighth Carriage.—Sir H. Hamilton, Colonel Street, Colonel Nepton, Colonel Whimper, and Major Stevenson.

Ninth Carriage.—Colonel Ward, Major Sutherland, and Colonel Holford.

Tenth Carriage.—Mr. Crawford, Mr. Romaine, Mr. Campbell, and Mr. Russell.

Eleventh Carriage.—Dr. Cutteback, the Rev. Mr. Chatterton, Dr. Jacobson, and Mr. William Gladstone, junior.

Twelfth Carriage.—The Rev. J. W. Reeve, Mr. J. Delane, Mr. Lease, and Mr. Reid.

Thirteenth Carriage.—The Rev. Mr. Carpenter, Dr. Dick, Colonel Taylor, and Colclough Gordon.

Fourteenth Carriage.—Mr. Arbutnott; and other gentlemen.

Among these there was, we believe, only one representative, the Rev. Mr. Inglis, but there were many old friends, and the venerable soldier, head of Gough, now eighty-four years old, and yet erect, bright and martial, who are more than twenty years ago did justice to the qualities of Colin Campbell. His field, his military secretary Alison, who lost an arm on his Staff at Lucknow, two of his aides, Alison and Dernier, Pakenham, the adjutant-general of Queen's troops at his Indian head-quarters, M'Murdo testifying to Napier's old affection, and his own regard, and many another who had seen him in the heat of battle. The road was a scene of fun; for orders, and the Abbey the soldiers stood in line, from General George Bell down to the private of the Cold-streams who came in to see the last of his famous Colonel. And what tender young eyes, and eyes for once renewing the freshness of the young heart, let fall their tears as the coffin was borne within the stone walls, and the dark veil which abounded all that was left of the body from the gases passed in all its gloom before them. The "yawning grave" which gaped in the midst of all the mournful life. The sons of women broke through the ranks of music. How many must have loved him! At the entrance to the Abbey Lord Ellesborough, Major-General Beresford, and other gentlemen joined the procession from the Jerusalem Chamber, and the pall-bearers were nominated only a few moments before the horses moved from the house, took their places as follows:—The Duke of Wellington, Major-General Eyre, Earl de Grey, and Ripon, General Fox, Sir Richard Airey, Lord G. Paulet, and Sir Richard H. H. M'Murdo. The mourners came after, two and two, and then the body was borne to the screen before the altar. The mourners and the ministers and mourners entered inside and listened to the Service, which was read by Lord John, the sub-dean, and then the coffin was raised from the stone, and was borne to the grave in the nave, close to the spot where Ostram's body lies. The music of the church, the best inspiration which was given to Purcell, Gough, and Handel, to clothe in song the thoughts of the soul's immortality, the decay of the body, the glories of Heaven, the weakness of the flesh, floated with surpassing beauty through the aisles, and vaulted roof, swelling to the music of those who peered down from the high clerestory, and whose robes were given to ashes, dust to dust, and down to the earth. The sight of man was lowered the coffin on which the simple words, "Field Marshal Lord Clyde, died 14th August, 1863, aged 70 years." Need we speak of the tears which flowed afresh over the grave of one of the best and sternest of England's soldiers, who was also the kindest and best of friends.

Sir James Hudson is gazetted a G.C.B., and governor of Douglas, or Viceroy's Island, a K.C.B.

The Duke of Marlborough has sent 1000 guineas to the Radcliffe Institution, at Oxford, being the proceeds of fees from visitors to Blenheim Palace and gardens.

attempted to force their hats off. The officers drew their swords, and it is said that some persons were wounded.

This fete and fancy fair held at the Crystal Palace is said of the funds of the Royal Dramatic College, has been this year more successful than on any previous occasion. It lasted two days.

The first day was a day of nearly incessant rain, but the day was apparently a success, and there were upwards of 17,000 visitors present, a large majority of whom were ladies. The theatre was, as usual, the chief centre of attraction.

Decorated in a style of remarkable elegance, and draped with many-coloured flags, it presented an exceedingly picture-que and animated appearance.

The booths or shops, with the names of their respective proprietors printed over each in floral letters upon a white ground were ranged opposite the entrance to the theatre.

The scenes were of great variety, and the dresses of the girls were of great elegance.

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A DAY WITH THE CORONER.

(From Once a Week.)

Turn life of a Coroner in a mighty metropolis like London must be an odd one. His avvin duty leads him day by day into palaces and cottages, back-shums and noble mansions. In a certain sense he is a modern Chancery, whose pass is required ere a company of corpses, some days more, some days less, can find quiet burial. They say ghosts listen for the sound of the crowing cock before they retreat to their nayworn beds, and, suddenly deprived of the need to have the permit of twelve good men and true, and the coroner's signature, the coroner will life and die in their behalf. Being devoids of having one day's experience of the accidents and offences which pick out, as it were, we will not say by accident, for there is a natural law in these cases as in all others—the lives of a certain per centage of our population, I asked permission to accompany my friend, the able medical coroner for the central district, Permision being obtained, I was ready at the office at the appointed hour to be "summoned to prepare," said my friend, "for a good hard day's work." "There are nine cases," said he, consulting an official paper as a gourmand would a bill of fare, "I don't know what they are, or how they will turn out." In short, it was a kind of invitation to take pot luck. Our first visit was to Middlesex Hospital, and our first duty to visit the dead house. Even to those accustomed to the presence of death there is something very startling in sudden transition from the life and noise of a great metropolis throughfares to the deadhouse of a large hospital, surrounded by inmates such as these, who but a few days since were full of health and spirits amid the hubbub, dreaming not that they were on the edge of that hour from which no traveller returns. Three blackened dead coffins, placed side by side, with their lids removed, revealed the subjects of the impending inquiry, after a glance at which the coroner returned to the inquest-room.

The importance of being able thoroughly to identify the features of the dead is of the last consequence. It will be remembered that in the case of the worthy fact of the death was directed, and it was the body found on Hampstead Heath was not that of the eloquent M.P. Indeed, to this moment it is believed by the Irish that he is still alive. Fortunately, the late Mr. Wakley was able to put the matter beyond dispute, as he knew the deceased, and recognised him when the inquest was held.

Conditions, however, are always arising under which it is exceedingly difficult to identify a body once the progress of decomposition has made.

Such a case, just arising, it will be remembered that a body was found floating in the Thames, which the police suggested might be the body of the supposed murderer of the poor girl who was stabbed in George-street. It was of great consequence, therefore, that the corpse should be identified. The features, however, from long immersion in the water, were so swollen and disfigured, as to be absolutely unrecognisable. At this juncture, however, Mr. Richardson suggested that science was able to restore the face of the corpse; and he succeeded in his efforts.

Having reduced the face to its original size by the application of a principle known by the scientific terms of "exosmosis" and "endosmosis," and its blackened colour having been bleached by the action of chlorine gas, so much of the face of the dead was made out as to prove that it belonged to a youth of twenty—a fact quite sufficient to prove it was not that of the murderer. Thus science once more has come to the aid of justice.

The jury had decided, and the coroner was awaiting them is commenced. It may be as well to observe that, in ordinary cases, the run of the jurors called by the coroner's beadle seem to consist of the small householders and shopkeepers of the parish—certainly a very unlikely-looking lot to investigate any knotty case—indeed, my experience gathered during the day was, that the chief labour of investigating the facts falls upon the coroner, and that a score of jurors sworn in seemed capable of drawing up a verdict. In important cases the better class of tradesmen are generally summoned, and a far higher amount of intelligence is thus at the service of the Coroner.

The first case gone into was rather complex. Alexander —, a grocer, coming home drunk, fell down the stairs and broke his leg. He had been an habitual drunkard, so much so as to compel his wife, a poor crushed creature, to live apart from him, because "he was too poor to keep me," said the poor woman, crying. "I suppose, if the truth were known," said the coroner, "a correction of her own statement to which she gave a quiet consent, but which the poor battered piece of humanity, bundled up in rags, would never have volunteered. The ultimate cause of death in this case was singular. The man being a toper, the shock of the accident, a fracture of the femur, brought on delirium tremens: to subdue this, opium was given by the physician, and by what seemed to be the intent of the coroner, the drug was injected into the veins, and a small quantity of the fatal opiate was injected beneath it, from the effects of which he died—narcotised—a diseased kidney perhaps helped this unlock for termination of the case, but it nevertheless was an extraordinary example of peculiar idiocy in the man's constitution, which could not stand an opiate which would scarcely have injured a healthy child. The primary cause of the death, be it remembered, was drunkenness.

One No. 3 was that of Henry —, a carpenter. Having been drinking freely, he fainted, whilst walking beside his horse, to get his foot under the animal's hoof; he was thrown, and the wheel of his cart passing over his ribs fractured them, and he died from inflammation of the lungs. The verdict here was inflammation of the lungs brought on by an accident while in a state of intoxication.

Case No. 4 was that of William —, a tailor. In getting out of the doorway of the Red Lion, where he had been drinking, he slipped, and twisted and broke his leg. A compound comminuted fracture of the tibia and fibula, with a fracture of the head of the fibula, was suffered, and the man died of delirium tremens. A verdict was drawn up to that effect, and the poor widow, bursting out into tears, sobbed out that she was left perfectly desolate. When death comes to members of the comfortable classes it is bitter enough to lose a loved husband, what in the whole world is apparently so overwhelming? Yet what is a small blow to the wife of a poor infant, put out of life, in some cases perhaps, accident is hurried on life, and that poor widow loses not only the companion of her life, but the bread of herself and helpless little ones. The reader will realise the horrid position of the poor widow; and yet the coroner sees such cases every day, and the poor creatures are left to sink back into that maelstrom of human suffering styled "the world," and the sun shines day by day as though life was a bright festival.

St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, was our next destination. The hospitals generally furnish those cases for inquest which result from accidental death. In many institutions of this nature, an inquest-room is provided in the building, but the author of St. Mary's have not done so, and after visiting the dead-house, and inspecting the deceased, a woman and a boy, both evidently Irish by their physiognomy, the coroner and his beadle adjourned to a public-house, where a fresh jury had to be sworn in. After contemplating the face of the dead, it gives the mind a slight shock to have to wend one's way through the crowd of a tap-room, and to have to sit in an apartment smelling of stale tobacco, and presenting all the disorder of the last night's debauch. We shall probably have to those who have witnessed the arrangements in Munich, Frankfort, and other places abroad, for separating the lifeless clay from the living for the short time previous to burial, must see how we are sinning against the commonest hygienic rules in not decently itself in tolerating our national habit of hugging the dead until we are compelled to relinquish them by their very offensiveness.

Walking home, I wondered how the coroner lived, and how he had his bed without being terrified at an even turn some little occurrence, for the deceased had told her in the heat of the instant to sit upon himself. Having seen how highly accidents occurred, it was days before I could get the thought out of my mind, that we were continually within an ace of our life. All probability, however, the coroner is the last person in existence to feel those foolish fancies, as death in his experience comes from so many and from such conflicting causes, that the one beats out the other.

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MERCANTILE AND MONEY ARTICLE.

THURSDAY EVENING.
THE amount of Customs duties paid to-day is as follows:—

Sunday	... 582 2
Gas	13 12 10
Liquors, cordials, or strong waters	3 10
Whisky	23 4 0
Spirits	45 5 0
Perfumed spirits	15 0
All other spirits	37 6 0
Ale, porter, and beer (in wood)	126 0 0
Tobacco and snuff	72 18 0
Cigars	11 8 9
Leather and chintz	20 8 0
Sugar, unrefined	230 0 0
Gold	15 1 6
Pilgrims	45 18 4
Dues	9 10 0
Total	1189 6 2

MESSRS. MORT and CO. held to-day their weekly produce sale. The wool market continues depressed, the prices realised at the London wool sales, although higher than last mail, still showing a loss in the rates given here. Of 96 bales catalogued only 49 were sold. The principal lots were—10 bales, scoured, C. & Co., at 22d.; 14 bales, grease, J.C. over A., at 7d. Prices ranged as follows:—Scoured, 17d. to 22d.; grease, 6d. to 12d.; mixed, 5d. to 7d.

SHEEPSKINS were firm, and prices were well maintained. About 3000 were sold at from 5d. to 8d. per lb.

TALLOW.—The market was very dull, and there was no disposition to purchase, except at reduced prices. Of 34 casks offered, only 13 casks were sold, at from 29s. 6d. to 34s. per cwt.

HIDES.—First-class hides were in better demand at extreme rates, but medium and inferior hides were difficult of sale and had a downward tendency. Of 1860 hides catalogued only about 530 were sold, at from 4s. 6d. to 7s. for light hides, and 10s. 1d. to 15s. 8d. for heavy hides. The latter figure was obtained for a lot of 68 very heavy hides.

TABACCO.—Our usual tobacco correspondence and circulars are to hand per Madras, by which we find several small shipments from New York, Boston, and Europe, coming on to the various Australian colonies. In London and Liverpool prices of manufactured tobacco had somewhat declined since last mail. We quote negrohead from 2s. to 4s., the former, of course, low Northern make; and cavendish from 1s. to 2s. 6d.; Virginia leaf, 9d. to 18d.; strips, 1s. 6d. to 2s.; western leaf, from 7d. to 13d. Brenner and Till say:—"Negrohead has been in better demand, and a large lot of old Virginia make has been sold at a high figure, although considerably under what was refused last year. Western manufacture has given way considerably. Cavendish has sold freely, the best sorts; but common parcels are of heavy sale. Leaf of fine quality is certain to be deficient, and holders independent. Manila cheroots and cigars scarce; late arrivals all sold." G. F. Davis and Son state: "At New York much apathy prevailed in the market for the month of June, quotations indicating a decline attributable to the very inferior quality of the tobacco crop. Since the commencement of the conflict between the North and South, the trade of this country has undergone a complete revolution. The quantity of American growth of that article now used in the United Kingdom is not much more than one-half what it was two years ago, and is gradually decreasing; indeed it is extremely problematical if the American consumption in this country will ever reach its former amount, the growth of other countries being now so freely used to supersede the American growth altogether."

CIGARS.—Our advices, per mail, quote Havana cigars plentiful in the London market, arising from the recent reduction in the duty. From Manila Government had fixed the prices of cigars as follows:—No. 1, 19 dollars 6 cents; No. 2s., 10 dollars 50 cents; No. 3, 8 dollars 50 cents; No. 4, 7 dollars; and No. 5 cigars, 6 dollars 50 cents. Up to last dates no sales had taken place.

NO TRANSPORTATION.

To the Editor of the Herald.
Sir.—"Fair Play" complains very much of the comments that have been made on Mr. Morrisett's behaviour.

He says obviously Mr. M.'s telegram conveys that in this instant the police were instantly to be secured their lives with the possibility of no good result. The language made use of was certainly unfortunate to speak in the mildest manner; and certainly does not impress us with much respect for the author, but, perhaps, "Fair Play" can make no acquaintance with the particulars of the great damage which has been done to the public. The aspect of the master may be changed; but as things now stand, it would have been better that no allusion had been made relative to this unfortunate affair.

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

JUSTICE TO ALL.

Sydney, October 15th.

THE RAILWAY WORKMEN.

To the Editor of the Herald.
Sir.—"Fair Play" complains very much of the comments that have been made on Mr. Morrisett's behaviour.

He says obviously Mr. M.'s telegram conveys that in this instant the police were instantly to be secured their lives with the possibility of no good result.

The language made use of was certainly unfortunate to speak in the mildest manner; and certainly does not impress us with much respect for the author, but, perhaps, "Fair Play" can make no acquaintance with the particulars of the great damage which has been done to the public.

The aspect of the master may be changed; but as things now stand, it would have been better that no allusion had been made relative to this unfortunate affair.

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

JUSTICE TO ALL.

Sydney, October 15th.

To the Editor of the Herald.
Sir.—On Saturday I rode from Picton to the Fitzroy Mine, by the railway extension, and I cannot refrain from putting you in the position of the few who connected with the unfortunate families to be buried in the mine. In the first place, let me explain that the country through which the railway passes is a wild forest, nearly timbered with stringy bark, and in most places as bare as a pug's back; and the most places from which the workmen came were of the same description. There is no doubt as to the correctness of the report that these people have been well nigh starved. Indications of suffering are to be seen in the worn-out faces of hardy men, whose whole physique was emaciated, and with whom the superlative want of daily supplies of provision. There are no signs of civilization, and no opportunities for employment beyond those which the contract works supply. I was much struck, the moment I reached the Rocky Hole and entered upon contract No. 3, with the marked change in the appearance of the workmen, and their condition, of which I was not then aware at the time. There is no doubt as to the correctness of the report that these people have been well nigh starved. The tradespeople who supply the natives gave them food, on the strength of the contractor's promise, until the debts became so large that the contractor was compelled to leave the country. When I went to Sydney, and whether I thought they would ever get their hard-earned wages. I was told that until Mr. Whitton put his name to the payment of the debts, there was no hope of getting the wages. There is no doubt as to the correctness of the report that these people have been well nigh starved. The tradespeople who supply the natives gave them food, on the strength of the contractor's promise, until the debts became so large that the contractor was compelled to leave the country. 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